# 

A Story of the Big West And a "Bad Man's" Love

## By JACKSON GREGORY

## CHAPTER III.

## Black Hal Dances.

all her life had she even dreamed of

all her life had she even dreamed of taphy.

forcing herself upon a man in a dance, taphy.

1. Study grammar and spelling. But she had seen that he had danced with no one else; she had denced with no one class, than lift- day.

danced with no one class; she had seen that he had seen that he had not more than lifted his hat to any woman there, and it was not her way to go unnoticed.

She had invested him with a certain romance, had builded an outlaw out of him, had been quick to see that no other man there had this one's natural beauty or slow-moving grace, and that although he was must a cowboy, a being beyond the pale of her set, none the less he was a man, and a woman might play with him.

She was a bit tired of Mr. Dancer's monotonous, graceful platitudes, and a bit reckless with something in the open air.

And now, as he put his arm about her, and they caught the beat of the strike and they caught the beat of the strike owboy could dance as she had never known a dancing-master dance, she gave herself over to his studence, gave her soul over to the keen, enjoyment of the moment.

She just remembered that after all he was a man, she a woman; that they both were young; that the mulace and the night and the stars made ene of the two of them. And when gate looked up into his face the blood tan red into hers.

For there was asmie in his eyes, starthings which many men hal said to her, but that none had said to her, but that her should the strength of the month of the strike of th

Celonel, and rode far out across the Jim Gates an' one is Shifty Ward, the star an' both of em got run out in Colonal lands lying bright in the star an' both of em got run out in Colonal lands lying bright in the star. light. He was in love. He knew it

Mr. Cushing. He knew that these people could speak together and in curiously.

"You're a real nice boy, Hal," he

he fell far, far below her and her 'em might spoil the looks of your kind. And, because he had made of face for you.

"An' you listen to me: When I'm

mouth of the cave.

Beside the boulder he had placed a scap-box taken from the cook's heap of kindling wood, and this was his of the Bear Track, that Oscar Esta-

And Black Hal, before he picket up the book from the soap-box or took up pencil and paper, sat for a little looking steadfastly at two cardboards which had once been top and bottom of a shoe-box and which now young fellow was trying to make his stand, trying to grasp the manhood that had always been beyond him, shop.

ten in large characters TRINGS TO CUT OUT

And below, carefully tabulated, fol- Gates

Coeffing drank

The property of some new thing to the cotty of some new thing to cut out when it should suggest itself to the student.

Chart 2 was labelled:

THINGS TO PUT IN PLACE OF

And, as far as Black Hal had yet HE had laughingly admitted to the Judge that she cought to be ashamed to fing herself at a man's head this way; that never before in [15]. Head seen a late novel with Sibyl Estabrook's name upon the fly life had see even drawed of [15]. flead some history and geog

1 Practise talking proper.
5 Learn some new words every

light. He was in love. He knew it pen to know 'em both, an' a man now. In love with Sibyi Estabrook.

He knew that he did not have the they are aroun'. There's some good social refinements of Mr. Dancer, of men from the Diamond B Bar lookin' for a job if you want more men'— Club Jordan had looked at him

people could speak together and in his presence of many things intellihis presence of many things intellihad answered with leisurely insomation in the many things intellihad answered with leisurely insomation in the many things intellihing the looks of your might should the looks of your

kind. And because he had made of her in his thoughts the true woman, he did not see the one great thing—the thing which made his plane so far removed from hers; he did not think of it even.

In many things he was unworthy, but he would force himself upward from his plane to hers.

He had, in his boyish way, been proud of his evil reputation—of his drinking and brawling. Now he was ashamed, and the shame of it dyed his face a stinging red.

He would not drink again; he would choke down all desire for such the closes of your face for you.

"An' you listen to me: When I'm askin' you advice I'm askin' you advice I'm askin' you don't care which it is. They're all don't care which it is.

Would choke down all desire for such wild nights as had earned him his title of the outlaw.

To-night he rode on to a canyon cave he had long ago discovered and had fitted up as a sort of rude sitting room. Entering he lighted a lantern.

To the middle of the rough floor he had dragged a boulder, and upon this he set his lantern. A lot of cut brush was piled high between it and the mouth of the cave.

It was not the custom of Black Hal to interfere in another man's affairs, and yet it was not his way to see trouble coming to a friend and remain silent. And in a way he felt something of sympathy, much of pity, and a sort of friendship to young Estabrook.

He had been on the range when Oscar came West—he knew why the son of the Eastern millionaire had suddenly left his old trails in the cities of the East for a new trail here in the cattle count.

writing-table.
A cracker-box was his study chair.
And a dictionary, a geography, a failure of things, that his father hal battered copy of "David Copperfield," paid his gambling debts and had set vol. 2, and some half dozen discreputable magazines were his library.
And Black Hal, before he pickel make a man of him.

They bore big, black letters, carefully and plainly printed, and were his feet steadily in the new trail.

"Chart 2."

that had always been beyond min, trying to make good, trying to keep this feet steadily in the new trail.

For these things and because of his frank smile and hearty laugh and frank smile and hearty laugh and Across the top of Chart I was writ- open, good nature the cowboy had

border of the mountain herds, know- upon her, "he will do it.

border of the mountain herds, knowing that if they wished to do the thing it would be a very simple matter for them to rush very many catter for them to rush very many cattelled as guide for the party, showing the hands of accomplices, Black Hal did what he had never thought of doing before, and, passing his foreman, went up to the "boss."

Oscar Estabrook had heard him, and had said that he would look into the matter, would take it up with Jordan.

And there had been the end of it. And then, only four weeks after the coming of Yellow Jim Gates and Shifty Ward, one of the old hands—it had been the same Jerry whom Jordan had recently discharged—had reported that a band of fifty young steers which he had seen one day in the Valley of the Waterfalls had suddenly dropped out of sight, as though the earth had swallowed them.

For Yellow Jim Gates and Shifty were another to develop the sale and the sale and Shifty were another to develop the sale and the sale and shifty were another to develop the sale and t

And he didn't see the men and women among whom he moved.

CHAPTER IV.

Black Hal Smells a Rat.

Black Hal Smells a Rat.

Black Hal had seen little sention had been made of it. And yet it was that incident which enough of women in his sering black Hal's suspicions and which now made them quick to home. And he was young. Therefore there was nothing strange or novel in the situation which resulted from his seeing Sibpi featbrook—from his seeing

The second and the control of the co

Again and again there came swift-into the eyes of Oscar Estabrook look which was like the look of

heophile Cushing.

It was Sunday evening box, trimmed the wick
Rather for the sake of its cheeri- and sighed deeply.

where the lan slide come down an'

where the lan side come down and the diggings might be any place along them two miles. "Right over yonder on that cliff," again pointing it out to her, "is a cabin. See it?" Some lone prospector, lookin' for the of Death Trap made it. We're goin' up there. There's a spring there an' we'll have lunch

by it an' res' before startin' home."

Now at last the undercurrent of

rouble running through life on the Bear Track began to ruffle the surface. Fern Winston it was, perhaps, who first felt that all was not well. For her eyes were the eyes which love sharpens and does not blind, and the events of which she had guessed nothing were setting their brand these

nothing were setting their brand upon the man she loved.

cover of darkness a little bundle of books, and by writing a letter to a books, and by writing a letter to a bookman in the East, sending for Sunday sermon, such a sermon as How could a man be certain that bookman in the East, sending for Sunday sermon, such a sermon as How could a man be positive?

The letter Black Hai carried twenty had never heard before and which shocked Mrs. Estabrook very sure of the books, and by writing a letter to a sill unsolicited, preached them their had lied in this particular blocked a man be positive?

And he must be very sure of the books, and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books and had, could a man be certain that books are the books and had, could a man be certain that books are the books and had, could a man be certain that books are the books and had, could a man be certain that books are the books and had, could a man be certain that books are the books and had, could a man be certain that books are the book

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD No. 2 Schuyler Place By HOWARD FITZALAN

him, and he by fish, persuag down at the first man, the atter the other, there is expeed out upon a ledge and the first man who went alread war make the first man who went alread war repeated the first the first the first to this through.

The man who went alread war who followed, panting, whose deformed from made the climbing doubly different from the climbing doubly different from the first the first

scoffed. "Seared the Sheriff's goin' to smell it down to Queen City? You're smell it down to young face. He went suidenly start in the chances. You're a fool if you lake chances. Yo

"They're all llars!" he muttered feet "They're all liars!" he muttered As it struck against a stone it gave hours after they were turned over to Jim an' Shifty Ward. Every one of sold.

Big John Brent had returned only this afternoon from a two-weeks' visit to the churchless lands lying to the south, and only now as he closed the Bible upon his knee did the roar-ing fire have it all its own way in the quiet room.

He had read to them a few chapters in his fine, rich voice, and had, all unsolicited, preached them their Sunday sermes such a serve had lied in this particular case?

Jim an' Shifty Ward. Every one of gold.

Jordan picked it up and weighed to his hands and then passed it on to Dufresse.

Look a here, put in Andy sud-freene, and that it was Dufresse, and enly. "I'm gittin' tired of this business I want to see the color of mine."

You are right," nodded Dufresse.

They would he yes. But how talking You were quick weren't you, all unsolicited, preached that these things were to Dufresse.

"Look a here," put in Andy sud-freene, and that it was Dufresse, and enly. "I'm gittin' tired of this business I want to see the color of mine."

You are right," nodded Dufresse, the heard how it was Dufresse's the heard how it was Dufresse, and that it was Dufresse, and that it was Dufresse, and the passed it on to Dufresse.

"You are right," nodded Dufresse, the heard how it was Dufresse, and the passed it on to Dufresse.

They would he yeve laid to the was Dufresse, and the passed it on to Dufresse, and the passed it on the heard that these things were to buffe the heard that these things were to buffe to must be presented to the passed it on to Dufresse, and

him, and he lay flat, peering down at. Then he drew nearer again as the

carefully upon his soapbox, trimmed the wick of his lantern.

Yellow Jim untied something from his Triangle; how Willoughby weuld his belt and dropped it at Jordan's have them in cattle cars and on the way to Chicago within forty-eight

of the old hands discharged, where the content of t